THE New Republic

Britain bases her military defense on atomic weapons

PAGE 7

The Ten-Month Silence

Why were the American people not told about the danger of the bombs' radioactive fall-out?

By Michael Straight

Who Promoted Matusow . . . *Walter Goodman*

An African Pilgrimage . . . *Daniel Friedenberg*

ALASKAN-HAWAIIAN STATEHOOD

Richard Strout's Commonwealth proposal argued by Senators Fulbright, Monroney, Neuberger; Elizabeth Farrington and others

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Washington Wire .... *T.R.B.*

The Eisenhower Administration is hardest to take in its moralistic moods. There was an irritating holier-than-thou attitude in the President's press conference denunciation of the Democrats' $20-a-person tax cut last week. This proposal is a frank political maneuver. All evidence indicates that the GOP plans to offer a tax cut to low income voters just before next year's election. Democrats control Congress, and they want the issue for themselves. Sam Rayburn set out to grab it. It is, we think, as simple as that. Mr. Eisenhower, however, took a tone of lofty indignation which seemed out of all keeping to the facts in the matter, and inferred a purity to the Republicans which made one wonder just how politically sophisticated he really is.

He called the Democrats cowards by inference after stating that he never engaged in personalities. He spoke with the confidence of one enjoying unassailable moral rectitude. Watching him rapping the table with his knuckles while his voice grew rapid with his fervor, we wondered if he had just come from a briefing by Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, the powerhouse of the Administration. As columnist Doris Fleeson observed: "Many Democrats view Mr. Eisenhower as the front man for his Big Business Cabinet who do the operating while he makes what they describe as 'those Madison Avenue inspirational speeches'." Commentator Eric Sevareid reported: ". . . It is Humphrey who wins the intra-mural struggles for the ear of the President, who shows an unusual degree of awe and deference toward large sums of money and toward men who can make or handle them."

This column does not believe the nation will stand or fall because of the $20 tax cut, although there is a respectable economic school which supports the idea of boosting consumer spending power right now. The report of the Joint Economic Committee headed by Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.), for example, will stress the point, and economist Leon Keyserling and the Conference on Economic Progress urge an immediate $200 jump in personal-income-tax exemption—not $20.

But be this as it may, what are the grounds for the Humphrey-Eisenhower moral fervor? The President campaigned in 1952 on a program for a balanced budget, taunted Truman with following a policy of "planned deficits" and in his Inaugural Address said tax cuts should come after a Treasury balance was achieved, not before. Then he abandoned his position (fortunately we think for the country) and last year alone cut taxes $7 billion, although the budget was more out of balance than he expects it to be next year. The Republicans made their tax cut just before the 1954 Congressional election, and the President has now twice voiced the hope of cutting taxes again in 1956 (before the new election)—which is the year the Democrats have also picked. To put it in the dry editorial words of the *Wall Street Journal*: "The Eisenhower Administration is planning to do its own tax cutting in 1956 whether or not it has got the budget in balance." Finally let us add that 45 Republican Senators offered a $20 tax cut (like the Democrats) just last year but they were unsuccessful.

To the reporters' natural question why a tax cut was good in one circumstance and bad in another, the President did not give a clear reply; it almost seemed as though the matter had not before occurred to him.

Reports from overseas indicate that the US will be a big political issue in the next British election; much as King George's snoot used to be in Mayor Thompson's Chicago. The US enjoyed criticizing the UK when it was top dog; now the situation is reversed. It is the British "conservatives" (who would be defined as dangerously radical by the US Chamber of Commerce) who generally support the US, the left-wing Labourites like Aneurin Bevan and Kingsley Martin who constantly attack us and in whom the word "America" seems to set off an emotional spasm. Kingsley Martin's *New Statesman and Nation* on January 15 discovered a preposterous plot by the US in Nicaragua's recent invasion of Costa Rica, and when this proved a dud leaped nimbly to the Formosa issue. This approach to America is involved in politics, unfortunately: it springs from the need of the Labour Party for an issue and the need (perhaps subconscious) of finding some scapegoat for the failure of British socialist ideology to live up to its early dreams. This column fervently believes that there is no greater reservoir of idealism anywhere than in Britain, if the US can learn to tap it. But there are difficulties in the way. One obstacle is that British attacks leap the Atlantic, but not the balancing praise. There is a tendency to get bored with strictures. When the valuable *Manchester Guardian*, for example, sighs over the way we are behaving, it is only human nature to recall the forecasts of economist Colin Clark carried by the *Guardian* last year, predicting America's imminent fiscal collapse. Then again, it is always easier to hold up a yardstick of idealism for your neighbor and not make allowance for local prejudices and traditions which would be made at home. Being top dog in the world is no fun, and if we can develop the tough hide which Britain did in the role, we shall perhaps be better able to pick the good advice from the bad.

Notes: Antitrust chief Stanley Barnes told a House Judiciary subcommittee he sees "great danger" in Sinclair Weeks' invitation to trade association spokesmen to sit in on the advisory boards of the Commerce Department: too much like conspiracy; under Administration pressure Barnes later wrote a letter softening the attack. . . . Some 20 million users of natural gas are concerned in the battle to save the Supreme Court's ruling that pipelines come under federal regulation; as yet their voice is hardly heard in the debate here. . . . Young *Des Moines Register* reporter Clark Mollenhoff is making the White House very uncomfortable; he still wants to know how farm expert Wolf Ladejinsky can be a security risk to one government agency and a valued employee to another; Ike ducked another question on it last week.

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

The Trade Act: Political War of Maneuver

THE ALWAYS very strong high tariff lobby really turned on the pressure last month as the House of Representatives prepared to vote on President Eisenhower's request for a three-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act. And it nearly worked. Only a frenzied last-minute effort by both Democratic and Republican leaders coupled with a direct plea by the President saved the act—and then only by one vote. The Trade Act extension still has to weather a Senate vote during the coming month, and its opponents, encouraged by their near victory in the House, are working harder than ever.

As the House prepared to vote, supporters of the Act were confident. They had not reckoned with a new, vote-influencing element: the large-scale southward exodus of the textile industry. Traditionally, the South's export-oriented economy has caused its representatives in Washington to support low tariffs. But now the South is the site of a "sick" industry—textiles—which is among the loudest in demanding "protection." This industry is not in itself important enough to change the free-trade orientation of the area's over-all economy. But within particular Congressional districts it holds a powerful position—which presented high-tariff lobbyists with a long-sought political lever.

This year the lobby efforts of the various "protectionist" industries were co-ordinated by O. R. Strackbein's Nationwide Committee of Industry, Agriculture and Labor on Import-Export Policy. Strackbein and his staff decided that the new situation in the South had created a wonderful series of "soft spots" on which they could concentrate the bulk of their pressure.

Southern Congressmen, unlike those from two-party states, are not accustomed to such pressure. Many of them panicked—fully half of the delegates from the traditionally free-trade Southern seaboard states voted against Eisenhower's bill.

Those in charge of getting the Trade Act extension through the House were further outmaneuvered when opponents of the Act succeeded in calling it to the floor earlier in the day than had been anticipated. Many of its supporters were absent, and almost before those present realized what was happening, a motion had been made and passed—207 to 178—to throw the Act open to a series of crippling amendments. Speaker Sam Rayburn quickly descended from the rostrum to make a speech from the floor, thus giving the Act's supporters time to rally their forces—a job made more difficult by the fact that the Democratic "whip," Carl Albert (Okla.) and half of his 15 "assistant whips" are protectionists. Finally, the "closed rule" barring amendment was reinstated by one vote—193 to 192.

The vote on passage of the Act came the next day. During the night Republican leaders sought and got a letter from the President pleading for passage, and, early in the morning, Sam Rayburn invited all the first-term Democrats to breakfast—not to tell them how to vote, as he put it, but to explain that "if you want to get along, go along." The final result of all this bipartisan effort was a 7-vote majority on the key vote rejecting the protectionists' recommittal motion.

Despite the near defeat in the House, Senate supporters of Trade Act extension tend toward the same over-optimism that nearly betrayed their colleagues. Southern Senators—whose support comes from a whole state—and not a small district—will on the whole be immune to the kind of pressure that frightened many Southern Representatives. But on the other hand, there is no "closed rule" in the Senate, and there the Act will be subjected to unlimited amendment. So each protectionist industry—oil, coal, zinc, lead, textiles, electric equipment, railroads, etc.—will have Senate spokesmen seeking to exclude it from the Act's provisions. The "you support mine and I'll support yours" kind of trading will be widespread. And there is considerable danger that the result will be a tattered bill, so riddled with exceptions as to be useless as an instrument for stimulating trade in the free world. Again, it will take the combined forces of both Democratic and Republican supporters, fully backed by the President, to save the Trade Act extension.

And the job will have to be done all over again every year. For what has been demonstrated most clearly this year is the lasting strength and vigor of a high tariff lobby, which, even if it is defeated in the Senate, will return throughout the 3-year extension period with special legislation and amendments to cripple the working of the Trade Act by ever narrowing its application.

COMING

In forthcoming issues of the *New Republic*, **Senator Paul Douglas** examines our method for selecting Presidential nominees; **Irving Howe** writes on *Walt Whitman: Garrulous to the End*; and author-cartoonist **Bill Mauldin** contributes a column of personal comment.

Waiting for Lefty

ONE MORE WEEK in the Pacific saw the further retreat of the Nationalists from the Nanki Islands which the US declined to defend. In Congress the ardent supporters of a firm stand began to complain that they had been misled by Secretary Dulles. In Southeast Asia, where the SEATO nations concluded an uneventful conference, Premier U Nu of Burma hinted that the Chinese Communist leaders were willing to confer with an informal US delegation.

With Nationalist morale lowered by the constant retreats, the Chinese Communists seem certain to feel out US intentions by preliminary raids against Matsu and Quemoy. The fate of these islands, the Nationalist Defense Minister declared, "depends entirely on which side holds air control of the Formosa

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Strait." For the present both sides possess about 2,000 planes. But while the Chinese Communist force is steadily expanding, ours is not. An invasion of Formosa is a long way in the future. But air attacks are not. The medium jet bombers of the Chinese Communist Air Force can cross the Formosa Strait in six minutes and from high altitudes cause panic and demoralization among the dense and restless population of Taipeh. The US induced the Nationalists to fortify Quemoy, Matsu, Nanki and the Tachens when Peking had no modern offensive weapons. It led the retreat from these islands when the growth of Peking's offensive power made them untenable. Now we are repeating the process on Formosa; yet within three years Formosa may be as untenable as Nanki last week. While leftist Mao prepares, we sit and wait.

Back to the Third Republic

"MONSIEUR MALENKOV is too modest," said Antoine Pinay when he heard that the head of the Soviet Government had offered lack of experience as the reason for his resignation. The composition of Edgar Faure's new French Government shows what Pinay meant. Apparently neither experience nor modesty is a necessary qualification for membership in a cabinet which turns France back a great deal farther than the political *status quo* before Pierre Mendès-France.

For example, there is the case of a gentleman who knows very much about problems of the land and practically nothing at all about the sea. Yet Paul Antier, head of the Peasants' Party, minister or under-secretary of agriculture in four previous cabinets, has turned up as the Minister of the Merchant Marine in Faure's. Or there is the case of Pinay himself, the small-town businessman, horse-and-buggy economist, a French Calvin Coolidge, who has become the darling of the far Right. It would be hard to find a leading French politician less qualified by experience and taste to be a Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Nevertheless both men are just right in a team which is farther to the Right than any other since the present National Assembly was elected in 1951. The goal of the team is the opposite of Mendès-France's: to satisfy the parties in parliament, and go very slow on the big issues. The idea is that this is an election year; the present government, while it lasts, will arrange for the other parties to get their chance at ruling so each can bid for the premiership next year.

By a slow and elaborate process of exchanging votes in the National Assembly, by shifts of majorities, a small amount of legislation will be possible. And the sum total of concessions to private interests may include some minor concessions to the public, national interest. This is an old pattern reminiscent of the Third Republic.

Maybe this is the only way France can be governed after PMF and before an election. It has at least one advantage. Pinay does have experience in winning friends and influencing people in the Palais Bourbon and the Council of the Republic, the equivalents of Capitol Hill. It is quite possible, therefore, that he may succeed better than a more qualified minister in getting the Western European Union treaties approved.

On all the other issues, especially the domestic ones, the prospect is gloomy. Faure was to have offered a social and economic program that amounted to a phony New Deal; it would have been satisfactory—temporarily—to the powerful men on the Right who ordered their agents in the Assembly to withdraw support from PMF as soon as he turned Faure out of the key economic job and moved in himself. Instead, the government is nakedly anti-New Deal.

The Socialists agreed to reserve judgment on the Faure team because they knew that the people were growing bored by the length of the phony crisis and feared that any step to prolong it might have helped the Communists —against them—at the coming election. Jean Fabiani of the non-Communist left-wing *Combat* warned that an immense majority of Frenchmen are totally disinterested. François Mauriac went so far as to say that democracy as it is now practiced in France is going through a process of steady rot and slow death.

The most important question is whether the Faure government will lengthen or shorten the period before PMF's return to office. There is no doubt that the present Assembly is predominantly of the Right, and that only the personal prestige and influence of a PMF could force upon it a non-Communist reform government.

One of the reasons for Faure's popularity with PMF's enemies is that it will be—in theory, at least—harder for PMF to build up a strong opposition against him than any other premier. Yet, PMF and all of his friends in the Assembly not only refrained from applauding Faure, but suggested plainly that they would have no reluctance in fighting him. And modest or not in their pretentions or ambitions, they certainly have plenty of experience in opposition.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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Volume 132, Number 10, Issue 2102

THIS ISSUE

Washington Wire by T. R. B. 2
Behind the Headlines 3
The Ten-Month Silence 8
by Michael Straight
Who Promoted Matusow? 12
by Walter Goodman
Books and Comment 15
Theatre 19
Television 21
Correspondence 22

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Chicago Puzzle: Who Got the "Morality"?

THE STAKES in Chicago's April 5 mayoralty (usually called the "morality") are not simply City Hall but the probable outcome of the 1956 Presidential, Senatorial and Gubernatorial campaigns in Illinois. With this in view, the Republicans have dedicated themselves to civic reform this season. They have nominated a maverick Democrat, Alderman Robert E. Merriam, Chicago's best publicized foe of graft and corruption.

The reform issue is a live one and with Merriam the GOP hopes to reduce the context of the campaign to the plot of a television Western drama, in which the good guys oppose the bad guys, and no complications.

The GOP's passion for reform also stems from the November 2 balloting when it discovered it had lost all the major county offices to the Democratic sweep of Chicago. In the Senatorial race, Paul Douglas' victory over Republican Joseph Meek was clinched by Douglas' 393,000 vote lead in Chicago. Facing the national election in 1956 with most of its patronage shot from under it, the GOP adopted a crash program to crack the resurgent Democratic Organization and capture City Hall, an exceedingly well fortified position.

In their extremity, the Republican bosses embraced reform and its most dogged champion in Chicago, young Bob Merriam, the honest alderman from the Fifth (University of Chicago) ward. Instead of shaking down ward residents for driveway permits, as is the practice, Merriam sat up nights writing political science tracts and lectures to supplement his meager aldermanic pay. In the summers ward residents used to take up a collection to send him, his wife and the children on a vacation. Merriam quit the Democratic Party last fall because it jeered at his proposed reforms and ridiculed the investigation of the City Council Emergency Crime Committee, which he led, into the alliance of organized crime and politics. He decided that he could not become a reform candidate for mayor as a Democrat—at least not soon. When the November 2 returns came in, Merriam was looking for another political party. A few friends were promoting his candidacy as an independent on a fusion ticket of Young Republicans and reform-minded Democrats, but the knowledgeable in politics thought he had as much chance against the organizations as a boy scout in cannibal land.

Reform, like salvation for the sinner, has a special appeal in Chicago. Merriam's father, the late Charles E. Merriam, one of the nation's foremost political scientists, led a reform movement a generation ago. He, too, headed a City Council investigating committee into the crime and politics of his day. The elder Merriam twice ran for mayor, but never made it. Chicago's history might have been different if he had.

The current wave of reform burst over the city three years ago after the shotgun murder of a West Side Republican Committeeman, Charles Gross. Like every other political assassination in the last

Merriam Daley

quarter century, the Gross murder remains unsolved, but unlike the others, it infuriated the city. It set off one big mass meeting after another, stimulated a reform coalition of Chicago's 19 biggest civic organizations (the Big 19) and stunned the City Council into adopting Merriam's demand for a continuing investigation into the links between crime and politics.

Merriam and a small group of aldermen in the Council kept up a steady drum fire of criticism of Democratic Organization maneuvers to hamstring the crime investigation. In addition, they have needled the Council and the administration on padded budget appropriations and payrolls, loafing street crews, shoddy building code enforcement and cheating in the award of city contracts.

Merriam is, or was, a Paul Douglas-University of Chicago type Democrat, 36 years old, personable and smart. He has kept clear of the lunatic fringe reformers and the City Hall professionals who have tried to use him to advance their own, complicated schemes. His fresh-faced rosy-cheeked appearance and bustling energy stand out in contrast to the tide of corpulent plotters and backslappers that flows through City Hall. He evokes the image of an ambitious Fuller Brush salesman trying to make a sale in a hobo jungle.

The Republican ward committeemen regarded Merriam's early pretensions to the "morality" with scorn. He was not "heavy enough," they said. Besides, he was the fair-haired boy of the Independent Voters of Illinois, a doorbell ringing adjunct in Chicago of Americans for Democratic Action. The Old Guard was scandalized at the suggestion of Merriam. It would rather lose an election. The Republican West Side Bloc committeemen, a notorious gang of anti-reform politicians frequently identified with the crime syndicate, kept mum and watchful. After the November election, the Republican Central Committee made known that it had received "the word" from Gov. William Stratton that Merriam was "the man." Several members of the Republican Finance Committee, which controls campaign purse strings, had talked with Stratton, who had talked with Edward F. Moore, Cook County Republican chairman. Moore was talking to the committeemen.

Without indulging in any public rationalization, Merriam took the deal the Republicans offered. He agreed to wage an all-out campaign for himself and his ticket. He agreed not to run for any other office in 1956. In return, the GOP would give him a free hand in major administrative appointments. The Organization would control the traditional patronage jobs in lower echelons.

As the "morality" campaign got under way, Merriam rejected the support of the powerful West Side Bloc and its hoodlum allies. As leader of the GOP posse, galloping down Randolph Street to chase the varmints out of City Hall, Merriam announced he would make no concession to expediency. Merriam seems to believe that the Republican machine would permit the reform he insisted the Democratic machine would not. That has yet to be proved.

Merriam had no effective opposition in the Republican primary, but a three-way fight broke out in the Democratic primary. The Democratic tactic, pointing toward 1956, was to strengthen the organization at ward level. From the Organization viewpoint, Mayor Ken-

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nelly, a wealthy warehouse man, was weak in his dealings with organized labor. He had offended the CIO by refusing to reappoint one of its leaders to the Board of Education. By extending Civil Service, the Mayor had taken patronage away from the ward committeemen. The Mayor had shown a tendency to listen more carefully to the State Street merchants than to the "people," it was said.

On the other hand, County Chairman Richard Daley had shown himself "reliable." Under his management, the party had got out the vote in November. Daley was a good vote-getter himself, as witness his election as County Clerk. These considerations not only appealed to the Organization political mind, but were sufficient to win the endorsement of Paul Douglas and Adlai Stevenson.

Kennelly fought back. He waged an energetic campaign as a staunch defender of righteousness in municipal government all along, and now a foe of the rule of the bosses who had made him Mayor. Another independent candidate in the Democratic primary, former City Corporation Counsel Benjamin S. Adamowski, paralleled Kennelly's attack on the bosses.

The Organization nominated Daley with 364,839 votes. But between them, Kennelly, with 264,775 and Adamowski, with 112,072, rolled up a total of 376,847—or 12,008 more than Daley. The Organization seemed seriously split.

The Mayor appeared before the Organization-dominated City Council the day after election and smiled bitterly when it rose to applaud him. He was not ready for a reconciliation with the machine. Alderman Mathias "Paddy" Bauler, last of the old-time, saloonkeeper members of the City Council, danced a jig and shouted, "Chicago ain't ready for reform yet."

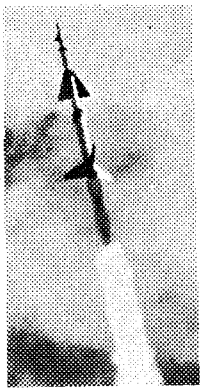
The Democrats echoed Paddy's war cry, but Alderman Merriam was ready. Now the Republican nominee, he rose in the Council and pointed a finger at the Mayor. "I have an affidavit by a man who was called in and told to erase votes for you, your honor, and substitute crosses for Richard J. Daley," Merriam said. "I have photographs showing a number of other frauds and irregularities at the polls."

The great Chicago "morality" campaign of 1955 was on.

Chicago RICHARD LEWIS

The Dim Prospect for Atomic Disarmament

WHAT NOW ARE called "the Atomic Powers"—Great Britain, Canada, France, the United States and Russia—again have delegates in London to continue an argument which, in its post-World War II phase, has lasted eight frustrating years. The argument is about disarmament, nuclear-disarmament, especially; it has run concurrently with the most gigantic, and ominous armaments race in history. In the course of that race, the military strength of the major powers (with the single exception, so far, of Red China) has increasingly been centered around nuclear weapons. And the "point of no return"—the point where every fuse will lead directly to a keg of nuclear energy, and any war must be one of mass-devastation—is not far off. The London meeting of the United Nations Disarmament Commission Subcommittee of Atomic Powers offers one more opportunity, perhaps one of the last, to draw back before that point is reached. It is assumed that the delegates realize such is the nature of their problem.



The division in this argument is the usual one—the Western powers versus the USSR. The opposing positions were laid down years ago, and, in all important aspects, frozen; concessions have been made only on a superficial level and only after changes in the world situation made certain details in either side's formula unimportant. Each side, seeing its very survival involved, has sought to forestall every risk and retain every advantage. But the question today may well be—what risks become acceptable when measured against the monstrous risk that any conflict, set off by however trivial a miscalculation, will be a nuclear war?

The basis of the US position over the years has been that nuclear weapons cannot be outlawed until two conditions are met: (1) establishment of an international control commission with powers both broad and specific enough to ensure compliance by every nation; and (2) simultaneous agreement on the size and kind of conventional forces each power may maintain—an agreement which will eliminate the present "standing-army" superiority of the Communist bloc and so end the West's dependence on nuclear weapons for military strength equal to the Communists.

Russia's position before she had the atom bomb was that all atomic weapons must be destroyed and all other forces reduced one-third—giving her an immense superiority over the then demobilized West—before the question of international control and inspection could even be discussed. The West rejected that.

Once she had the atom bomb, Russia dropped her demand for destruction of atom stockpiles; instead she insisted that before any disarmament plan could be discussed in detail, all nations should pledge themselves *unconditionally* never to use nuclear weapons. Again the Western nations refused—inferiority in conventional armaments, they felt, required that they retain the right to use such weapons for defense against "aggression." But no universally accepted definition of aggression ever has been phrased.

Russia now has the superbomb, and there is every reason to believe that she as well as the US has developed a relatively cheap and easy method of converting existing A-bomb stockpiles into more superbombs—a fact which along with the phenomenon of "fallout" makes a one, two or three year "lead" in stockpiles unimportant by making the US and Russia equally capable of devastating one another. Feeling her new strength, Russia late last year announced herself willing to discuss the details of a disarmament plan and the powers of an international inspection and control agency. Then, on the eve of the present London meeting, she again proposed destruction of all present nuclear stockpiles and the freezing of conventional armed forces, and military budgets, at the January 1, 1955, level.

Since the 1955 Soviet budget calls for a 12-percent increase (its fourth in four years) in military appropriations, while the US budget calls for another decrease, and since West Germany had no military forces or budget as of January of this year, the Russian "freeze" proposal obviously aims at maintaining the present Soviet supremacy in conventional arms. The West, which sees its nuclear

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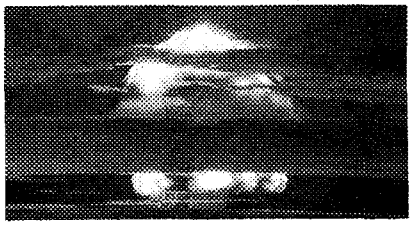
stockpiles as its only defense against that superiority, will almost certainly refuse to destroy the stockpiles and accept the "freeze."

Beyond this obstacle lies another: Russia still insists that everything begin with an unconditional pledge not to use nuclear weapons. The US feels such a pledge would invite a conventional attack by superior Russian forces in Europe. Even if the ceilings on conventional forces could be negotiated to permit Western rebuilding of such forces to a strength equal, or nearly equal, to Russia's, Europe would still be wide-open to conventional attack during the several years required for the "build-up." And even if that period were safely weathered, the security of the US would then depend to an unprecedented extent upon the solidity of the Western Alliance and the willingness of our allies to maintain much larger forces than they have agreed to so far. Such dependence would be opposed by many in the US, men who would point to the large and active Communist parties in many European nations, as well as their past record of political instability and unwillingness to shoulder a military burden proportionate to ours. Many Congressmen and Senators, as well as the bulk of the military—who do not welcome the prospect of rebuilding their entire establishment—would insist that only our nuclear stockpiles save us from such a dangerous dependence, and our delegation in London cannot but be aware that even if an agreement along these lines were possible, it would probably be cancelled back home.

So there seems to be little hope that the London meeting will produce an agreement. But it does provide an opportunity to open up, at least here in the US, a full-scale discussion of how close the Atomic Powers have come to the "point of no return," to define the perils and to seek alternatives to our present course. Later in the year, the entire UN Disarmament Commission will meet in New York to consider the results of the London meetings, then it will report to the United Nations General Assembly. What seems to be left undone in London could possibly be done at these later meetings if, during the intervening months, a thorough re-examination of past assumptions and past calculations of relative risks produces even the seed of a new and more hopeful course.

Britain: Electrification and Bombs



BRITAIN has taken the first great strides toward adjusting her way of life to the facts of the atomic age. On February 15, the government announced a 10-year program for the industrial use of nuclear energy. Twelve nuclear power stations will be built at a cost of £300 million to supply the same amount of electricity as between five and six million tons of coal at about the same price. The first two should be working by 1961, and within 20 years at most all new generating capacity in Britain should be run on nuclear fuel.

This is believed to be the most ambitious plan any country has adopted for the peaceful use of atomic power. Britain's reserves of other sources of power are known to be inadequate for the desired rise in her industrial production, so she has a greater incentive than the United States to speed up atomic development. Moreover, she sees a most profitable trade in the export of atomic power and its by-products.

Two days after announcing its nuclear power program the government published its White Paper on Defense for 1955, in which the whole of Britain's defense policy is based on the use of the hydrogen bomb from the first moment of a major war. The argument is as follows. Given the Communist camp's immense superiority in military manpower, the West cannot withstand an attack in Europe without using "the full weight" of its nuclear power—it is assumed that the use of tactical atomic weapons must immediately involve the use of the hydrogen bomb. So long as potential aggressors realize that war in any crucial area will be thermonuclear war, the existence of the hydrogen bomb is by far the most effective deterrent. Disarmament in atomic weapons alone is not acceptable to the West, and any plan for universal arms limitation must have cast-iron guarantees against evasion.

From this tremendous premise the British Government draws the following conclusions. Britain must have her own hydrogen bombs and the means of delivering them. Confidence in the Atlantic Alliance is not great enough to justify leaving the atomic deterrent exclusively in American hands. America's readiness to listen to Britain during the Cold War depends on Britain having this degree of independence in the major weapon. Moreover, if there is a Hot War, America might not be prepared to bomb targets which Britain considers the first priority for the defense of her own islands.

Ground troops armed with "conventional" weapons are still necessary in Western Europe, to cope with local aggression in less vital areas and to support colonial governments. On the other hand, long-term reserves are of little value, and the Territorial Army must be turned over to providing highly trained mobile battalions for Civil Defense.

Oddly enough, these major changes in British defense policy are not much reflected in the budget proposals. The RAF gets only a slight increase, mainly at the expense of the army, while the navy estimates hardly fall at all.

It is not likely that the Labour Party will challenge the assumptions on which the new policy is based.

The main party battle will probably be concentrated on the government's failure to produce sufficient good fighter or bomber aircraft to equip the RAF's present forces, and on the refusal to allow an inquiry into the use of military manpower, which many hope would justify an increase in the period of national service. But what stands out most clearly in the strategic transformation wrought by thermonuclear weapons is the growing impossibility of organizing defense except on an intercontinental basis. We need a diplomatic revolution to match the strategic revolution. There is, so far, little sign of this on either side of the Atlantic.

London DENIS HEALEY, M.P.

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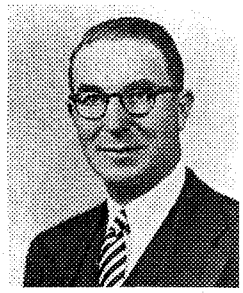

SENATOR KEFAUVER:

In his article of February 14 in the *New Republic* Dr. Lapp . . . says this: ". . . This 'small scale' attack with 28 bombs restricted to the industrial heart of America could produce an inverted L-shaped pattern over the Northeastern states and an irregular fallout bracketing much of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, New York, and Pennsylvania. The 'atomized' area would normally be occupied by 50 million Americans. Over two-thirds of the US industrial production centers in the same areas. This is the magnitude of the problem. . . ."

Do you generally agree that this is a somewhat accurate statement of the overall problem?

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSIONER WILLARD LIBBY:

. . . In emphasizing the seriousness of the problem . . . it is essentially correct.

The Ten-Month Silence

by Michael Straight

DR. WILLARD LIBBY is one of four Atomic Energy Commissioners. His statement, quoted above, was given in testimony on February 22 before the Senate Armed Services Subcommittee on Civil Defense. Together with the February 15 publicity release of the AEC, it lifts at last a corner of the curtain that has hidden from us knowledge of our future.

It is a foreboding future. For Dr. Lapp's calculation, that Senator Kefauver quotes, related to a 14-megaton bomb similar to the one that was detonated at Bikini on March 1, 1954. We are assured now by Val Peterson, the Federal Civil Defense Administrator, that superbombs four times the size of the 1954 weapon can be made. The increase in megatonnage, in fact, is relatively cheap and easy to attain.

And not by the United States alone. The Kremlin we know detonated a superbomb six months before this country did. The Soviet leaders claim that they are still ahead of the United States in superbomb construction and that they now possess the power to spread destruction across this continent. It would be folly to scoff at such statements; for past claims by Soviet leaders concerning nuclear weapons have proved true. Even if Soviet progress in nuclear weapons should now be halted, the fallout that we ushered in at Bikini has, in effect, multiplied the destructive impact of the Soviet stockpile many times and advanced by several years the way stations of destruction in the nuclear race.

In the pages that follow we reprint further testimony from the Kefauver hearing that was all but ignored in the press, and add marginal comments of our own. We start with Dr. Libby's remarks on the fate of the Japanese fishermen on whom fell the radioactive ash from the nuclear detonation on Bikini of March 1, 1954:

> DR. LIBBY: . . . If the Japanese fishermen had known that they should have bathed, changed their clothes, washed down their ship and so on, they certainly would have been much less seriously injured . . .

If they had known . . . but the crew of Number 5 *Fukuryu Maru* were not privy to the topmost secrets of the Atomic Energy Commission. They had been fishing for tuna north of Bikini Atoll, and they had bad luck. So they turned south and fished along the northern edge of the Marshall Islands where they did better. In the darkness of March 1, at 3:40 a.m., they noticed a reddish white flash that rose from below the horizon in the southwest. "Look," they cried, "the sun is rising in a strange fashion!" Three hours later a fine, white ash began falling upon them. They spoke then of *pikadon*, a nuclear explosion. But they had no Geiger counters; no bulletins on fallout from the Federal Civil Defense

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Administration. The crew washed the ash from their bodies; they continued to handle nets, and parts of their ship. Captain Tsutsui, however, suspected that the ash was radioactive and harmful long before blisters broke out and hands began to swell. He ordered up anchor and started for home.

The Japanese fishermen, in other words, did what nine out of ten American fishermen or farmers would have done—and would still do today. Ten years after Nagasaki, 12 months after the Bikini fallout, there is still an appalling gap between what Americans should do, and what they would do in the event of a nuclear attack.

"We Wanted To Be Correct"

SENATOR KEFAUVER: Why couldn't there have been some official information about the effect (of fallout) a long time ago rather than having to wait until February 15?

DR. LIBBY: We have been busy collecting information . . . we wanted to be correct . . .

SENATOR KEFAUVER: It would seem that in civil defense the people ought to have the facts as soon as they can have them.

DR. LIBBY: . . . We had considerable delay on the grounds of trying to be very careful and accurate in the release.

SENATOR SYMINGTON: Why is there so much classification about this question of how many people will be hurt? Why does it leak out instead of being announced?

DR. LIBBY: . . . We have a great responsibility to be correct . . .

SENATOR SYMINGTON: Don't you think it affects the public's confidence in its government if the type and character of information which Dr. Lapp released comes from him first instead of coming from the head of one of the agencies responsible for the problem?

DR. LIBBY: We have a great responsibility to be correct and not to mislead anyone.

SENATOR SYMINGTON: Am I to understand that Dr. Lapp's article is misleading?

DR. LIBBY: No, I didn't say that . . .

SENATOR SYMINGTON: . . . If Dr. Lapp is correct in his article, which was the first time that some of this information has ever been released to the American people, then the farming people are just about as interested in this problem as the people in the cities and that is a matter of profound importance to our national security.

If that is true why isn't that information released by the agencies that are primarily involved, delegated with authority and responsibility? Why does it have to come from the outside?

DR. LIBBY: . . . We want to be very certain that the new information we release is correct.

SENATOR KEFAUVER: Dr. Libby, there wouldn't be any connection between the fact that the *New Republic* article came out on February 9 and Admiral Strauss' release on the 15th!

DR. LIBBY: We have been working on this for weeks.

Poor Dr. Libby! He is a scientist, and one who has worried about the lack of candor. He is defending, as an AEC Commissioner, a record that he cannot accept.

"We have a great responsibility to be correct and not to mislead. . . ." When the *Fukuryu Maru* arrived in Yaizu with its boatload of disfigured and dying men, an outcry rose around the world. It led to the statement of March 31 by Lewis Strauss, Chairman of the AEC.

The Chairman's purpose on that occasion was apparently to minimize the significance of the fallout. He claimed, quite wrongly, that the *Fukuryu Maru* was "well within the danger area." In a statement that was both incorrect and highly misleading, he compared the health of the Japanese fishermen to that of unharmed US personnel and indicated that radioactivity was not the cause of their burns. Admiral Strauss declared:

> . . . Reports . . . indicate that the blood count of these men is comparable to that of our weather station personnel. Skin lesions observed are thought to be due to the chemical activity of the converted material rather than to radioactivity since these lesions are said to be already healing

This statement was soon disproved in the most tragic manner. But no correction was given, and no further information was let out by Admiral Strauss or any other high government official. In September, 1954, the technical aspects of radiation were touched on in a single speech by a minor AEC official—Dr. John Bugher. In December, Admiral Strauss indicated that a statement was under study. Otherwise there was a total silence during the 10 months that elapsed between Strauss' misleading statement of March 31, 1954, and the February 15, 1955, release. Not only was the public kept in ignorance: the responsible officials of the Federal Civil Defense Administration were also kept in partial darkness. Dr. Bugher assured the Senate Subcommittee that the Civil Defense officials in Battle Creek, Michigan, were kept fully informed of the revolutionary implications of fallout as they were developed by the AEC. But Senator Kefauver was doubtful—and with good reason.

The desire of the AEC to be correct is given by Dr. Libby as the reason for the 10 months of silence. It is not convincing. In a fraction of that time one man, Dr. Lapp, working alone and without classified information, made an accurate analysis of the new dimension in nuclear destruction. The AEC in fact was ready to break the silence months ago. The *New York Times* of February 22 reports that:

> Several months ago the Civil Defense agencies planned to reveal what Mr. Strauss disclosed last Tuesday. But sudden and peremptory orders from "high up"—the White House or the National Security Council over which Eisenhower presides—stopped this plan.

Two considerations brought about this censorship. First was the State Department's belief that demoraliza-

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tion in Europe following the announcement would interfere with the ratification of the London and Paris accords. Second, and more important, was Admiral Strauss' resistance to any declassification. Twice the Admiral personally intervened to prevent public discussion of the fallout. The reason that he gave to his associates was that the public should be told nothing of the danger of fallout until counter measures had been fully prepared. No doubt that was one consideration. But more basic was the Admiral's reluctance to share any classified information with the public. "Since nuclear weapons are in possession of the USSR," declares the Admiral in his grand manner, "the Commission believes the American people wish to be informed regarding the dangers of nuclear explosions and the measures which individuals can take to protect themselves if an atomic attack should ever occur." Quite so. But Senator Kefauver was surely not far wrong in suspecting that the timing of the February 15 release was governed in part by the fact that Dr. Lapp had left the Admiral very little to reveal.

The "Proper" Use of a Shovel

The full meaning of the Administration's lack of candor can best be assessed in the light of further testimony concerning what might have happened during the past 12 months and what could have been done. Evidence on both points is suggested by Dr. Libby.

> DR. LIBBY: One of the characteristics of fallout radiation is that it decreases rapidly with time. It goes down tenfold every time the age increases sevenfold approximately. That is, a fallout that occurred at the end of one hour after the bomb had been detonated would after seven hours be one-tenth as strong, and after two days one-hundreth as strong and after two weeks one-thousandth as strong . . . in this characteristic lies one of the real hopes. . . .

Dr. Lapp, in his article, had arrived at this conclusion concerning the persistence of the fallout. It was wholly ignored in the AEC release of February 15. Here Dr. Libby concedes its existence for the first time and rightly points to it as a key to counter measures. But these counter measures turn on public understanding.

> DR. LIBBY: Even in the areas of heaviest contamination I believe that fatalities . . . from radiation exposure could be reduced by a factor of at least 10 and possibly as high as a factor of 100 if the population . . . took fullest advantage of shelter or cover and observed the other safety precautions recommended by the Federal Civil Defense Administration. . . .
>
> But these results can only be achieved by educating the public as to the nature and the extent of the dangers from which they would have to protect themselves and by careful and continuing education on the ways and means to obtain maximum protection under varying conditions and in different localities.

Here at last the full implications of Admiral Strauss' attitude become plain. For 12 months we have faced two powerful enemies in Soviet Russia and Communist China. At least twice, in this period, we have stepped close to the rim of world war. Experts insist that had war come the Soviet air force could have delivered its stockpile of nuclear bombs across the United States. It may be that they have claimed too much for the Soviet air force. But let us take Dr. Lapp's figure of 50 million Americans subjected to fallout. Of this total, Dr. Libby tells us perhaps 45 million would have been saved by "careful and continuing education" on fallout. And yet instead of "careful and continuing education" a government which spoke of "massive retaliation" and concentrated upon nuclear warfare kept the public in ignorance of the fallout threat.

> DR. LIBBY: . . . A good cellar . . . will be excellent protection [against fallout] . . . ordinary structures should be quite effective . . . about a foot of earth is excellent shielding . . . a shovel properly used could save a man's life. If no ready-made cellars were available . . . he could merely dig a hole and crawl into it and stay there for the first few hours. . . . Even with a broom he might sweep the contamination from an area large enough to give him protection. A fire hose could probably be used for similar purposes. All of those points are, of course, well known to the FCDA.

"Well known to the FCDA. . . ." And to the rest of us? How do we get under a foot of earth; what is the "proper" use of a shovel; why wouldn't a broom stir up the radioactive particles that, like tiny x-ray machines burn us, instead of sweeping them away? Will the ash be conveniently visible and uniform—or will it lie invisibly in drains and gutters, in gullies where pets roam or children play? And what use is a hole in the ground to a mother and children north of Baltimore, Tulsa and Las Vegas if the Russians are inconsiderate enough to hit us on a winter evening?

By itself this much information presented to protect us can even be damaging—as damaging as the testimony of Dr. Bugher that we can safely eat exposed animals and fish if we but skin them, and also vegetables once we wash away radioactive particles that coat them. May we not expose ourselves to intense radiation while we wash and skin our food?

Admiral Strauss assures us that "the main radioactivity of fallout decreases very rapidly with time." From this we might suppose that if we spend the first two days of the fallout in the cellar we will be all right. But this illusion can lead to death.

Consider a family in a typical American home. Fallout from a detonation 100 miles away deposits ash on the roof that gives off initial radiation of 3,400 roentgens. Well trained, the family huddles at once in the cellar where each individual absorbs 340 roentgens, or an almost lethal dose. From then on the smallest exposure

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will close the narrow margin between life and death. Or consider a farmer who miraculously absorbs only 300 roentgens over the first week following the detonation. His livestock will be dead when he emerges from his cellar (and the community's milk supply gone). But if the farmer tends his crops for the next three weeks the residual radiation may still be fatal.

"Come In and Discuss the Matter"

Fifteen miles from the point of detonation of a 10-megaton bomb, said Dr. Libby, severe burns will be caused by blast. Within a radius of 140 miles, added Dr. Bugher, fallout "not only would be lethal to human beings but lethal to farm animals as well." With these facts in mind the Senate Subcommittee called Arthur Flemming, Director of the Office of Defense Mobilization. In a prepared statement he outlined the Administration's program for dispersal, and public education. This exchange followed:

SENATOR KEFAUVER: You speak of the information that the Department of Commerce has which is available for use to assist state and local governments in making analyses of how they can be of assistance in this dispersal program.

MR. FLEMMING: . . . As of this particular moment the Department of Commerce does not have all the information they should have . . . up to now there has not been full utilization of the existing information.

SENATOR KEFAUVER: Whose responsibility is it to see that the states and local governments are given this information and assisted in putting it into application?

MR. FLEMMING: My thought is . . . that the state and local governments . . . will take a certain amount of initiative in this as the result of the information that has been provided them *and which has reached them.* [Italics ours.]

SENATOR KEFAUVER: You said (in your statement) "State and local governments should develop plans in co-operation with the federal government." How far along have such plans been developed?

MR. FLEMMING: Up to the present time there has been very little activity on the part of state and local governments. . . . Our feeling is that we cannot say to the state and local governments and to industry: "Here are a set of standards that are applicable to the entire country." But we are saying to them: "We feel that you should come in and discuss the whole matter with us and then we will sit down and do the very best job we can in helping you develop a plan."

Mr. Flemming was speaking here for the Office of Defense Mobilization, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Federal Civil Defense Administration and the Department of Defense. This, then, is government policy. Local and city governments, *if they wish to*, may come in for a discussion. Defense contractors *if they wish to* may gain tax advantages by building new plants ten miles or more from urban targets. Is this enough? No city council is going to tear up its municipal structure and start over without federal leadership. And no businessman will comply with these permissive policies if the bonus of tax amortization is more than offset by the inconvenience of a rural site. The ten mile rule itself is inadequate in view of the growing megatonnage of the superbombs. But even this limit is honored in the breach by the government which has waived the rule in 20 percent of new installations of over $1 million in size.

The Administration then, is gambling on peace. Those who suspect that peace is not imperishable are supposed to hunt down the appropriate regulations and then fend for themselves. "Designs of shelters," Admiral Strauss informs us, "have been prepared by the Civil Defense Administration and are available to the public." If the public fails to take advantage of them, then so much the worse for the public.

But how can the public respond when it has no idea what it must prepare for? Every bit of information that the public has gained has been clawed out of the AEC. It is still not enough information to serve as a guide to action. Forty-megaton bombs are now possible. But FCDA instructions are still based on bombs of one-half-megaton size. If we are threatened by one-half-megaton bombs, then houses will stand in suburbia and cellars may suffice. If we are subjected to four-megaton bombs then houses will be blasted and each home may need an underground shelter. But if 40-megaton bombs threaten us then individual shelters are useless and almost all our present plans are obsolete. Complete evacuation of cities is required to protect us from that blast; but in the presence of fallout, as Dr. Lapp has warned, exposure to radioactivity in the course of evacuation may add to casualties instead of saving lives.

Isolationism expressed our unwillingness to face unwelcome realities in 1940; "business as usual" our reluctance to respond to reality as it presented itself. New factors make up our otherwise inexplicable inertia today. Among the military the tradition dies hard that this nation, which can punish all others, cannot itself be hurt. Among the Republicans the scale of priorities still places the balancing of budgets ahead of adjustment to the threat of nuclear attack. The scientists now are either gagged by security clearances or else subdued by the experiences of associates who spoke out. Among the officials around Admiral Strauss, secrecy retains its magic power. For the rest of us the threat of nuclear destruction is too awful to contemplate; too vast to comprehend. We turn in boredom and even resentment from those who break the silence. Yet if there are answers to these problems they will not be found in silence. Disclosure and discussion are needed to reduce the disasters of warfare, and to reawaken concern in the alternatives to war.

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Who Promoted Matusow?

by Walter Goodman

TWO HUNDRED spectators filled the seats in the big Senate Caucus Room, leaned against the marble walls and pillars and queued at the door. Newsmen were out in force, with their batteries of TV and movie cameras, and the inevitable kleig lights. Round-faced Internal Security Subcommittee Chairman James Eastland (Miss.) smoked the same kind of large cigars as had round-faced Chairman Karl Mundt (S.D.). The resemblance to the Army-McCarthy hearings was striking. To Eastland's left sat Sen. John McClellan (Ark.), with the same hangdog look of endurance that he wore a year ago in the same seat. Across the way was Sen. Arthur Watkins (Utah)—he too a reminder of the Army-McCarthy go-round, though not of the original company.

But in contrast to the sporadic intra-committee flare-ups that kept the country entertained in 1954, a spirit of united Senatorial endeavor marked these proceedings. There was a harmony of antagonism toward Harvey Matusow, joined in by the smirking Sen. William Jenner (Ind.), the hard-boiled Senator Watkins, the dour Senator McClellan, the gaping Sen. Olin Johnston (S.C.) and by slow-burning Chairman Eastland.

It was the Chairman who set the hypothesis for the current investigation in his opening statement: "Those who seek to expose the Communist conspiracy *and also those who struggle to conceal it* are both fully aware of the importance of the ex-Communist in this world-wide struggle to preserve human freedom. The informed enemy of Communism knows that enormous quantities of priceless information have been provided by former Communists who have repented and now seek to undo the wrongs they did in the past by active opposition to Communism. The Communists, as well as those who have a vested interest in concealing the truth about the conspiracy, know this just as well as we do. This is the reason that the assault on the ex-Communist, who is willing to tell what he knows, has been conducted with such unbridled fury."

This charge, sinister, and as yet unsupported, was directed at Matusow, once favored as a professional ex-Communist now an ex-ex-Communist heartily loathed. Committee Counsel J. G. Sourwine devoted his examination to the proposition that Matusow's new status was synonymous with being a tool of the Kremlin or something even worse. In turn Matusow faced his inquisitors—some of whom he had faced before under friendlier conditions—looking slightly drawn, but responding sharply and often cleverly. He was at once forthright and evasive, a skill acquired from long hours in a variety of witness chairs. Hardly an answer passed his lips without some qualifying phrase dangling after, ". . . in substance . . . as I recall . . . I don't remember exactly. . . . " Now he was indignant, now earnest, now heroic. His very first words, "I do!" were spoken loudly, resonantly, as though to clear away with the two strong syllables three years of dirty air. He drank a lot of water as he testified, and he smiled broad toothy smiles. The neatly combed hair, the blue serge suit, the red tie with a silver clasp, the smiles—he was like a college graduate at his first job interview. And bit by bit the Matusow story—or at least an outline of it—emerged.

Harvey Marshall Matusow alias Harvey Matt alias H. Marshall alias Howard Markow alias Ralph Paige was born in the Bronx of immigrant Russian parents on October 3, 1926. His father operated a Manhattan cigar store. He attended New York public schools, graduated from Taft High in the Bronx and was drafted into the Army in 1944. After serving in Germany, where he claims to have received a serious back injury falling down a flight of stairs, he was returned to America and discharged in 1946. He enrolled at three different colleges, but managed not to complete a single semester or obtain a single course credit.

IN 1946, Matusow joined the American Youth for Democracy and in 1947 he became a member of the Communist Party. Between this year and 1951, he sold books at the Jefferson School in New York, tended a switchboard at Communist Party County headquarters, worked for People's Songs, Inc., became a charter member of the Labor Youth League and the Young Progressives of America, enrolled in the Civil Rights Congress, the American Labor Party and the Progressive Party, worked for the re-election of Communist Ben Davis as New York City councilman and joined the United Office Workers, one of the unions expelled by the CIO.

In February, 1950, Matusow became an informer for the FBI. He informed that organization, he says now, of surmise clothed as fact. In January, 1951, he was expelled by the Party and denounced as "an enemy agent." As a reservist he was called back into military service in 1951—and was discharged after a few months. Matusow says he listed the Communist Party and some 45 "front" organizations on a personnel form as a joke and then became concerned lest this was preventing his being shipped to Korea.

It was while he was stationed at Wright-Patterson Air Field that Matusow seems first to have approached some-

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one with the request to be permitted to testify somewhere, anywhere, about his prior Communist connections. This resulted in January, 1952, in his going to work with the Ohio Un-American Activities Commission. A month later Matusow made the big time, with an appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee, where he put 180 names into the record. In the two years that followed he performed around the country as a star expert on Communism who gave the fruits of his first-hand experience to almost anybody who would listen.

AMONG his listeners were the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, the Permanent Investigating Subcommittee, the Subversive Activities Board and the Justice Department. Matusow testified at the New York trial of the 13 top Communists and at the trial of United Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers leader Clinton Jencks in Texas. He "exposed" *Time* magazine, the *New York Times* and the Institute of Pacific Relations as hotbeds of Marxism. He pointed an accusing finger at Owen Lattimore. He once stated flatly that he knew 10,000 Reds in New York City by sight—which is some measure of his extraordinary value, since there were only about 11,000 in the entire state at the time.

For a while Matusow was an assistant editor of *Counterattack*, the New York newsletter devoted to blacklisting political unreliables in the entertainment industry. In the 1952 primaries he made campaign speeches on behalf of Senator McCarthy; they were such good speeches, Matusow says, that the Senator encouraged him to go West and work over Senators Jackson and Mansfield. The young man went West . . . with a briefcase full of photographs, photostats and documents which he waved damningly in the style of his patron before patriotic groups in the Rocky Mountain states. On March 6, 1953, the veteran campaigner was married to Mrs. Arvilla Peterson Bentley, wealthy former wife of Rep. Alvin M. Bentley (R, Mich.), a mother of three children and an eminent McCarthy contributor. They honeymooned in the Virgin Islands, were divorced on August 25, were reunited in New Mexico, ten days later, and split for good on September 28.

It was in August, 1953, too that Matusow wrote a letter to Senator McCarthy stating that he was retiring as a professional witness. After thus retiring, he testified voluntarily on four separate occasions before the Subversive Activities Board and in the Justice Department's trial of labor leader Jencks. In the Spring of 1954 he approached Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam with the admission that he'd been lying about numerous people for the benefit of numerous governmental bodies for about three years; now Matusow confessed, he had experienced a religious awakening. The Bishop gave this glad news to the press. Matusow then told the House Un-American Activities Committee that the story was untrue.

Later that year, however, Matusow went back to Bishop Oxnam as well as to a number of persons around Washington—notified them all of his repentance and mentioned his desire to be subsidized during the writing of a book, tentatively entitled, *Blacklisting Was My Business*. He found no patron until the fall of 1954 when the publishing firm run by Angus Cameron and Albert Kahn agreed to give him an advance of $1,500. The United Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers has already purchased several thousand copies for resale in its territory. In recent weeks Matusow has signed affidavits to the effect that he was lying when he testified against the Communist leaders and Clinton Jencks. A number of admitted Communists and Communist sympathizers appear to have assisted him in preparing the affidavits and in preparing his book, now entitled, *False Witness*. Although Matusow maintains stoutly that he is presently a member of the Young Republicans Club and that most of his friends are drawn from that organization, his constant companion in recent weeks has been Herb Tank, a writer purportedly working on a play adaptation of Matusow's book, while protecting the young man from "crackpots." Committee Counsel Sourwine produced a pamphlet, "Communism on the Waterfront," written by a Herb Tank, therein described as a Party member.

When Matusow is not calling himself a liar these days, he is calling other people liars—particularly former colleagues like Elizabeth Bentley, Louis Budenz, Manning Johnson and Paul Crouch. He has also accused Roy Cohn of inspiring him to embroider his testimony in the Communist trials and he says that Senator McCarthy was willing to use him against Democratic candidates even though the Senator knew his techniques to be deceptive and his accusations groundless.

Matusow came to Washington on February 21 directly from testifying to a Federal Grand Jury in New York, which is studying his performance in the Communist trials, and he returned directly to the New York courtroom two days later. Authorities in Montana are contemplating calling him West for an inquiry into his 1952 campaign, while Texas officials want to see him in El

Harvey Matusow alias Harvey Matt alias H. Marshall alias Howard Markow alias Ralph Paige.

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Paso about his admissions of perjury in the Jencks case. The Justice Department, too, is pledged to catch him up on a perjury charge that will stick . . . if it can.

BUT despite his taxing schedule and tired appearance at the Senate hearing, Matusow did pretty well at not answering questions in a tone of voice that gave the illusion he was answering them—a talent not designed to improve his relations with the Committee. Most of the Senators called him a liar at some time during the proceedings. Senator Jenner charged that he was now being paid by the Communists and said the Committee shouldn't be wasting its time listening to him. Sen. Herman Welker nodded agreeably at Sen. Jenner. Sen. Daniel insisted that Matusow had told the truth originally in the Jencks case and was lying now. Sen. Thomas Hennings dug into the allegedly McCarthy-sponsored campaigns in Montana and Washington. Senator Johnston wanted the names of some Communists Matusow had known and seemed content when the witness reeled off such underground conspirators as William Z. Foster, Eugene Dennis and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. Senators McClellan and Watkins seemed to doubt the sincerity of his repentance. Meanwhile, Counsel Sourwine and Chairman Eastland, carrying the burden of examination, were trying to show that Matusow is currently associating closely and continually with known or suspected Communists, that he has on more than one occasion borrowed money and not repaid it, that he has accepted "expenses" from a variety of people in connection with his recanting, and that his word is no more credible now than before.

Without doubt they succeeded. No one who listened to the testimony on February 21 and 22 could have emerged eager to loan Matusow any money. Certainly Communists seem to be playing an outside part in the thoughts and actions of the new Matusow. And certainly he is a discredited, not to say incredible witness. Mr. Sourwine did an adequate job of proving the hypothesis with which Senator Eastland had led off the hearing: informers are valuable to the cause of freedom; Matusow's turnabout is no reflection on those who remain; if Matusow was lying in the past, his evidence was merely corroborative anyway, but, more likely, he was telling the truth even though he didn't know it. (After Matusow mentioned several names he had reported to the FBI in 1950, Counsel Sourwine demanded, "Can you say definitely that those people weren't Communists?") The essential thing now in the view of Counsel Sourwine is that Matusow not be permitted to rock the investigative boat. Neither Mr. Sourwine nor any of the Committee members permitted themselves to look beyond this, to ask, for example, why they once gave Matusow a good length of rope to play with, for then of course they themselves might inadvertently rock the boat. Sen. Eastland himself had a nice, neat, non-rocking explanation of Matusow after the first day's hearings: "I think he's part of a shrewd plan to get some folks out of trouble."

Now everyone knows Harvey Matusow is a liar; he says so. But nine hours of testifying before the Senate Committee have shown him to be many other things, too, at least in his own mind. For instance, Matusow is a writer, though the only thing he's ever published was one plagiarized article. He is an actor whose engagements have been limited to two restaurants where he fashioned pipe cleaners into animals. He is a war hero who has some difficulty recalling details of combat. He is a martyr, willing to sacrifice himself at the temple of truth so long as Elizabeth Bentley is sacrificed along with him. He is a philanthropist who pledges to donate all his royalties, after legal expenses have been paid, to Antioch College (which he once involved in testimony), only he doesn't expect his royalties to cover his legal expenses. He's a dice player who doesn't consider $1,100 a large sum to win or lose. He has swung from the extreme left to the extreme right of American politics and seems now to have swung back again. Currently he's a believer in God and Christian charity and a member of the Young Republican Club. He has been married twice and divorced twice in less than seven months and has been quoted as saying: "I have to double-cross myself twice a day just to keep in practice."

It is not for the Senate to psychoanalyze the young man. Nor apparently is it for the Senators to remember that this Matusow whom they now declare to be totally untrustworthy is the same Matusow whose accusations have gone into FBI files, who has given testimony at 25 or so official hearings, and whose words were received and respected by the country's most important investigative bodies for three years.

THE Committee seemed to heave a collective sigh of relief each time Matusow declared that no one explicitly coerced him into fabricating his charges at this or that hearing. Obviously everybody is in the clear so long as Matusow was lying on his own. What, after all, can the mere acceptance of this man as a witness against anyone accused of anything imply about the investigators and prosecutors who used him or about the kind of evidence which has put many persons under the shadow of disloyalty? And what can it imply about the thirst for convictions, the free-flowing charges, the name-dropping and number-dropping which have all been exalted as the handmaidens of Security?

In 1903 the Supreme Court handed down this uncomplicated opinion:

> The general rule undoubtedly is that, when a party offers a witness, he thereby generally represents him as worthy of belief.

One question was not asked at the Senate hearings: Who promoted Matusow?

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BOOKS & COMMENT

A Pilgrimage in Search of Hope

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

REGINALD REYNOLDS, after a sojourn of six months in Africa, has written a book explaining nine countries, 5,000 miles of territory and a multitude of races and institutions. *Cairo to Capetown*, "a pilgrimage in search of hope" as the author subtitles his study, joins the leaky spigot of books published in the last few years dealing with the problems of the Dark Continent.

Cairo to Capetown, by Reginald Reynolds (Doubleday; $5).

Generally speaking, books on Africa may be divided into three categories:

1: Tourist spice, combining sex, adventure and escapism: *Up Kilimanjaro With Chocolate and Penicillin*; *Black Mata-Hari of the Mau Mau.*

2: The "hard" writers, either Kiplingesque to the right (usually great admirers of the "stable" Belgian Congo) or fellow travelers (déclassé at the present time, particularly since their correct arguments for the wrong reasons are too difficult to refute).

3: The "soft" writers, most often deeply sincere, mystic, religious, pacifistic, so loaded with their own cargo of sweetness that they either confuse native droppings for local perfume or refuse to accept what their own eyes see.

Mr. Reynolds belongs to the last class.

Reginald Reynolds cut a swath along the east coast of Africa, moving from Egypt to British East Africa via the Sudan and thence down to the Union of South Africa through the Rhodesias. Most of his comment is reserved for the three prominent foci of Egypt, Kenya and the Union of South Africa. Following his lead, we will try to analyze his conclusions in that order.

Egypt presented a problem for Mr. Reynolds. Self-confessedly a Quaker, a pacifist, follower of Gandhi and hater of the British Empire, he was put in the peculiar dilemma of a flyswatter in DDT-land: for the English had already departed. The Semitic and Berber culture of the Nile valley has a history and ethnos far different than Negro Africa, the true goal of Reginald Reynolds' trip, and therefore was treated in a species of soupy optimism. Mr. Reynolds finds that though the Egyptian regime has a military tendency and seems to follow no specifically coherent politic, that it is overshadowed by American interests oddly laced with patriotic platitudes, there is an

> . . . impressive . . . credit account; the agrarian legislation, the control of prices, the first really serious attempt to tackle corruption in high places, the new tolerant and friendly attitude to minorities, the new policy with regard to the Sudan, the example from the top that hard work was honorable, the abolition of the "pashas" (or at least of their rank), the dethronement of Farouk, the public use of his property, the increased efficiency of the administration, the new hope aroused, the new enthusiasm. . . .

It is unfortunate that Mr. Reynolds, an obviously sincere man, travelled through Egypt with important letters of introduction to the high and mighty: the best source of misinformation about the elite in unstable communities is the elite itself. How otherwise, to use one of many examples, could a reporter interested in the political structure of the new Egyptian state make the statement: "the popularity of General Naguib seemed to be as universal and spontaneous as the hatred for the monarchy," without making a single reference to the influence of the Revolutionary Council and Col. Abdel Gamal Nasser just at the moment the latter was preparing to shove Naguib into the demagogic dust?

The political and economic meaning of the new Egyptian government presents a far more complex and, in many respects, more sinister picture than the opaque vision of Reginald Reynolds suggests. For the Egyptian revolution is essentially a repetition, with one important difference, of the real movement underlying the revolts that convulsed Western Europe as a result of the impact of the Renaissance: a smashing of the feudal aristocracy and re-integration of the enormous estates for the benefit of the new upper-middle class. But this one important difference is the heart of the Egyptian riddle, for in spite of all verbal radicalism, the plight of the *fellahin* remains unchanged.

The fall of Naguib and the rise of Nasser meant that the impetus of Revolutionary Liberalism was finished and power had been transferred to the new ascendant upper-middle class. It is this power which now needs time to consolidate, to beat down the strident claims of *fellahin* and shopkeeper intent on sharing the revolution. In actuality, such time can only be purchased by two methods; bread and circuses to divert the Cairo mob; and reconciliation of the pashas. The latter sell cheap; and the key to the former lies in their susceptibility either to xenophobia or religious fanaticism.

THE easiest way to turn the heads of the *fellahin* from internal problems seemed to be religious fanaticism. There had never been any quarrel between the military clique that guaranteed the revolution and the Moslem Brotherhood. Hassan el Hodeibi, Supreme Guide, openly declared: "the Moslem Brotherhood made possible the success of the movement of the officers," and Kamaleddine Hussein, Chief of Commandos, was even formally affiliated with the Brotherhood. A conflict ensued however over the distribution of power. The Moslem Brotherhood refused to recognize any distinction between temporal and spiritual power and the military leaders, not especially solicitous to return to obscurity, soon discovered that the Moslem fanatics had the audacity to *mean* what they said; unfortunately therefore the more intransigent Brotherhood leaders had to be liquidated and the tempting path of religious fanaticism temporarily put aside.

Xenophobia alone remained as the tool to consolidate the new regime. For this the Council of Revolution, military officers smarting under the yoke of Suez and the Israeli defeat, was eminently fitted. Nearly a million breeding refugees from Palestine could always be exposed—like the famous wound of

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Venus—for seducing purposes and the first step was to refuse all attempts at refugee resettlement which might call to the fore more conciliatory elements.

The doubled population of Egypt on a static area of cultivated land (the real root of all Egyptian problems) could be disenchanted from further internal turmoil by hymning the glory of the Golden Age of Islam. The stasis of the regime hardened into fixed purpose: territorially, the absorption of the Sudan and Suez Canal Zone, with the incorporation of Gaza and the Negeb into Egypt proper after the destruction of Israel; politically, domination of the Arab League and hegemony over a block of states, extending from Morocco to Iran, which formed the wave of the original Arab conquerors. It is only in this context that the constant fulminations against Israel, the intrigues against Turkey and savage attacks on Iraq's defensive alignment with the non-Arab Moslem states can be understood.

REYNOLDS cannot accept such a point of view because it is against the basic pacifist and anti-imperialist assumptions with which he entered Africa. The fact that non-European peoples might suffer from all the Western vices unmitigated by virtues laboriously attained by long, slow centuries of growth toward a flexible and individualistic society is something which would interfere with his *a priori* conclusions. His delusions are derived from the following premises: the faith-assumption that bad must be followed by better and not worse; the sentiment-assumption that charity in the heart calls forth charity from the heart of others; the political-assumption that things in Africa get better, and automatically so, when foreigners leave *ipso facto* because they leave; and the religious-assumption that a suppression of Christian imperialism will be replaced by a non-Christian or neo-Christian anti-imperialism.

Cairo to Capetown picks up momentum when Mr. Reynolds enters Negro Africa because conditions there more nearly approximate his deeply humanitarian sense of outrage. He was quite rightly revolted by the insane activity of the mere 30,000 English settlers of Kenya in their barbaric suppression of the Mau Mau revolt.

Here again, however, his basic assumptions prevent him from arriving at a coherent picture. The title of the chapter dealing with Kenya is illustrative: *Black Quakers and White Mau Mau*. The implication is that the Negroes are Quakers and the whites, in the shape of the Kenya Police Reserve, the "real" Mau Mau. This is intellectually dishonest. A careful reading reveals that there are some 20,000 black Quakers out of a Kenya Negro population of over 5 million. Furthermore, it is simply not true to say there is no Mau Mau or, at least, to make the continued implication that a couple of poor Negroes raised their heads and the white man took this excuse to revert into a ravaging beast. Regardless of the deeply poignant reasons behind the Negro revolt, Mau Mau *is* a terrifying reversion to blood cult, witchcraft and abominable cruelty. The retreat of the Kikuyu Negro mass into black terror devoid of a higher vision is what has alienated the liberals who Mr. Reynolds sees so "derelict" in their duty. Is a man betraying liberalism when he objects, let us say, to Irish terrorism in Dublin, though North Ireland certainly is a part of historic Ireland? Is a man no longer liberal when he opposes theft though people are poor? Many of us still believe to see a difference between gang robbery and political action that leads to the nationalization of capital.

Mau Mau has failed because it expressed itself on a level where it alienated those sympathetic to solving the crux of the problem, namely land reform; when the African mass as a mass becomes conscious of this fact and pitches its political action accordingly, then its demands will be irresistible.

REYNOLDS is led into a contradiction which he avoids by closing his eyes to what follows from his own views. It might be consistently argued by some, and with a degree of historic insight, that the only way to get the white man out is through Mau Mau-type activities, pursuing the radical principle that massed force should use any weapon it can get hold of and worry about legitimacy later. But Mr. Reynolds, as a pacifist, cannot accept this argument. He is ultimately placed in the position of deploring counter-terrorism without condemning terrorism. Brought to a logical conclusion, he would have the white man give up all he possesses as an act of brotherly love. One must confess some skepticism.

The inverse racism of Mr. Reynolds is most clearly revealed as he passes through the Rhodesias into the Union of South Africa. Negro faces are described as "laughing," "handsome," "gentle," while the white settler is almost invariably viewed as "stupid," "fat" and "drunk." Yet, this is not done in the spirit of caricature but rather out of compassion and a bitter identification with the plight of the suffering. When we reach South Africa, the book reflects at last the hopelessness that almost every thinking person endures in the knowledge of that hideous cauldron. Only religious faith sustains Reginald Reynolds from collapsing into despair. Though brutality is the basis of politics and things grow increasingly more crucial, *Alles sal reg kom*, All Will Come Right, states the author in the last chapter. "For," he concludes, "the future is not with temporal power but with the power that makes for righteousness."

Cairo to Capetown is interesting because it brings to a head all the fuzzy-wuzzy values that a sincere person may register, while at the same time reflecting the image of a saintly man whose touch on the depths below logic may be more enduring than many of our limited intellectual pictures. Faith *may* move mountains and the forces that propel politics obey Gandhi as well as Lenin. For the core of Mr. Reynolds' personality is religious, the Sermon on the Mount stripped of all theological wrappings. And like *The Idiot* of Dostoyevsky, he may be wiser than all the facts.

However, certain of his positions rest upon ideas that are simply not true. Mr. Reynolds appears to center his hopes on a blend of nonconformist Christianity in Africa. "Nowhere else in Africa does one feel the sense of a gathered community with a purpose of its own and the germ of the future in its spiritual life as one does in an African church." Perhaps Mr. Reynolds is not aware, but the proselytizing religion of Africa today is not Christianity but rather Islam.

In a solid block from the Mediterranean Sea to the Congo basin (with the exception of Ethiopia) and extending all the way down the Indian Ocean coast, the followers of Mohammed reign supreme. Islam, the largest monotheistic religion of Africa, is more than holding its own in the drive to convert the remaining 70 to 80 million pagan Ne-

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groes in the central jungle region. There are more *Negro* Moslems than all the Christian sects of all races and backgrounds put together.

What Mr. Reynolds, going from Christian mission to Christian mission, failed to realize is that Christianity is the religion of the conquerors and identified with the overlords; and that, conversely, Islam is the religion of the weak and humble. Furthermore, in the citadel of reaction itself, the Union of South Africa, the dominant Dutch Church is an arch-tool of the Boer in his effort to reduce the role of Negro to that of the peon. There is a Mr. Reynolds here, a Reverend Mr. Scott there, but these are exceptional figures and have almost no effect on the revolt occurring today in the mind of the black.

The simple truth is that it is not religion (Christian or Islamic), nor even ethics, fair play or abstract "Western values" which is pushing the African revolution, but rather the increase in value of African raw materials which has necessitated a training of African native workers. In the Union of South Africa today, 82 percent of the workers in commerce, industry, agriculture, mining and fishing are non-whites; 67 percent of the semi-skilled workers and 98 percent of the unskilled workers are Negro, and the percentage continues to rise yearly. Negroes from Catholic Portuguese Africa, where there is almost no race prejudice, flock annually by the tens of thousands into the *apartheid* Union for one reason and only one reason: a higher standard of living.

The humanity in our nature would like to make us believe, following Mr. Reynolds, that wisdom and gentleness will shine in the dross of conflict. But this view is one which sentiment adheres to in spite of and not because logic dictates it. The facts lead one to totally different conclusions, that the future of Africa belongs to the tough and ruthless who can hinge their energy on a doctrine that will catch the native imagination. With Asia peeking out the bushes, one need not seek too far to see an ambitious contender.

The black of the new age judges with a harsh eye and knows only too well that the sincere missionaries are few indeed compared to the overwhelming mass of whites who act in a very un-Christian manner indeed. Mr. Reynolds knows this too but his religion and pacifistic faith forbid him to draw the bitter conclusions. His position is much that of the pacifist philosopher Rufus at the time of the civil war in Rome between Vitellius and Vespasian. As Tacitus described him:

> One Musonius Rufus, a man of equestrian rank, strongly attached to the pursuit of philosophy and to the tenets of the Stoics, had joined the envoys. He mingled with the troops, and, enlarging on the blessings of peace and the perils of war, began to admonish the crowd. Many thought it ridiculous; more thought it tiresome; some were ready to throw him down and trample him under foot, had he not yielded to the warnings of the more orderly and the threats of the others, and ceased to display his ill-timed wisdom.

Mr. Reynolds' views are the ill-timed wisdom that forms the leaven in the cake of what we call civilization. The ultimate question is whether there is enough leaven to prevent the cake from blowing up.

The Drafting of Adlai Stevenson

by Michael Straight

WHEN David Lawrence, Mayor of Pittsburgh and National Committeeman from Pennsylvania, arrived in Chicago for the 1952 Democratic convention he found, as did all the delegates, "a chaotic condition." Chaos was dangerous for the Democratic Party in the presence of a formidable Republican bid for national power. It was, none the less, real.

Unlike any convention since 1932 there was no man or group in control of the Democratic Party in Chicago. Unlike 1932 there was not even a contest for control among strong and acceptable candidates. Estes Kefauver, the front runner, was unacceptable to the city leaders and the Southern delegations: Adlai Stevenson who was acceptable, was unavailable, as Jacob Arvey explained to the delegates. Averell Harriman, who might have been nominated, had been made as unacceptable to the South as Richard Russell was to the North and West by the misplaced zeal of the group that Walter Johnson calls "the extreme Northern liberals." And the seventy-four-year-old Barkley (whom the labor leaders interred in the course of a breakfast) was less a serious contender for the Presidency than a means of delivering the Democratic Party in defeat to a group of doubtful characters led by Matt Connally and Leslie Biffle.

How We Drafted Adlai Stevenson, by Walter Johnson (Knopf; $2.75).

From this "chaotic condition" there emerged in one week an order that has held the Democratic Party together since July 1952, and a leader who in losing, set new standards for American politics. Both developments are beneficial, but neither was the result of choice on Stevenson's part. They were brought about by a draft movement, "the only completely genuine draft movement I have ever known," wrote Mayor Lawrence when the convention was over.

Who deserves the credit (or the blame) for this draft movement has been a hotly disputed issue since the 1952 convention. Even before the convention broke up the country was told by rival candidates and Republican columnists, that the apparently spontaneous draft movement was in fact a well conceived operation managed by Arvey with the consent of the outwardly reluctant Governor of Illinois. The myth has lived on with some encouragement from the Chicago organization. But it is a myth, and in this footnote to history, Walter Johnson, a historian himself and Co-Chairman of the Draft Stevenson Committee sets the record straight. The real story of Stevenson's nomination will come as a surprise to many, as it did to the candidate himself.

Johnson's Committee, organized in February 1952, was a tiny offshoot of the Independent Voters of Illinois. It had no patronage, no endorsement, no encouragement, no support. Their candidate's close friends at this time were heading the Stevenson-for-Governor Committee. Arvey, at Stevenson's insistence, was looking elsewhere for a Presidential candidate. Stevenson himself kept on issuing statements that

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would have broken the backs and hearts of any other band of enthusiasts. But the Committee kept on, handling a growing volume of mail and explaining in press releases whenever Stevenson made a new denial of availability that he didn't mean what he said.

They were amateurs, but they accomplished a task that no other group could perform. The professionals were immobilized by what Archibald Alexander called "the ever present fear of backing . . . a candidate who wouldn't run." In addition, the amateurs were necessary to the Stevenson draft movement to give expression to its break with the past. But while the key men of the Stevenson Committee (with the sole exception of Representative Sidney Yates) were inexperienced in party politics they were not new to convention methods. They had thumbed through countless card index files during tough convention battles in the American Veterans Committee.

While these men counted votes with an accuracy that startled the professionals Walter Johnson worked with the party leaders from one back room. He presents only what he saw from that room and it is only a fragment of the total story There is no analysis in his book ot the struggle over issues that made a compromise candidate inevitable. There is no study of the actions of the Stevenson workers on the convention floor or with other delegations. There is no description of the unforgettable moments when Stevenson made the draft more certain by the brilliance of his oratory. There is no appraisal of the strategy of other candidates or the reasons for Stevenson's reluctance to run. There are perhaps too many quotations from newspapermen in Johnson's book and not enough of the flavor of the fifteenth floor at the Hilton with its moments of elation, despair and hilarious amateurishness (I remember, for example, how a nameless Virginia delegate, sent to account on the Stevenson headquarters and report back, was ushered in to me after I had been well warned and proved to be my next door neighbor!)

The Illinois delegation, to which some will give credit, is a minor factor in Johnson's version of the draft. Others dispute this view, and it is challenged by William Flanagan, a former press adviser of Governor Stevenson in a review of Johnson's book. It seems to me that in defense of his claim Johnson has underestimated the informal encouragement given to the draft by the Illinois delegation despite the commitment of their chief to resist its growth.

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The Death-Wish Revisited

by Thomas Fitzsimmons

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S *All Men Are Mortal* has been thoroughly damned by American reviewers since the English translation appeared here. The book invites rough treatment: it is not a successful novel both because of some very clumsy machinery used to introduce and close the story and because lumps of Sartrian thought have been plopped into the story here and there, to give it "another level," I suppose. But aside from being among the most learned, and certainly the most graceful, of Sartrist existentialists writing fiction in France, Simone de Beauvoir is a good story-teller, head and shoulders above Jean-Paul Sartre as a novelist.

All Men Are Mortal, by Simone de Beauvoir (World; $5).

And there is a quality in this novel—call it "nerve," or impertinence—which is, or could be, important to us here. By impertinence, I mean a writer letting the laws of probability go hang while he or she willfully (and joyfully) makes up a story well enough constructed and well enough told, and firmly enough rooted in the reality of mind and emotion, that the reader doesn't care if cows are presented as blue and given to flying, or little girls go wandering off through looking-glasses to dally with the most peculiar people.

Fosca, Beauvoir's "hero," is immortal—some 600 or so years old at the end of the book. Back in the fifteenth century, he quaffed an elixir and has had to stay around getting involved in the affairs of men ever since. Shocking? Annoying? Ridiculous? Perhaps. For myself I have always found it interesting to speculate on what effect a man's life-span has on his concepts, values, energy, hopes. What would happen to a reasonably perceptive and sensitive human blessed or damned to live for centuries? Would he be enriched or sucked dry? Would he find evidence of progress? regression? stasis? Of direction or repetition? Why shouldn't a gifted writer put down her own speculations in the form of a story even at the cost of probability? There is even a "tradition" of literary work which ignores physical probability to achieve certain artistic effects. But American writers don't do this sort of thing much any more—critics raise holy hell when they do.

One can argue with Beauvoir's thesis that an immortal man would be crushed by the meaninglessness of man's existence, and by mass evidence of his repetitious stupidity. And one can argue with her implicit assumption, that all of man's values are predicated upon his

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existence, the fact that he *is* and wishes to continue *being*, and that his goals and what he does to reach them are determined by the fact that he is not going to *be* very long. Arguable too is her designation of power as mortal man's primary and most worthless goal.

All the ideas implicit in the book can be criticized (they have not been; they have hardly been noted) as can the techniques by which she tries to solve the problems particular to a novel which violates probability, *and* sets out to illustrate a particular philosophy or ethic, *and* draws upon a large section of historical time for its illustrations. But it is irrelevant to protest Fosca's immortality.

The worst fault in Beauvoir's novel —and it is major—is the "frame." Instead of telling the story of Fosca, or having him tell it, straight out, Beauvoir decides to have him tell it to a Sartrist's dream of a girl: an actress so saddled with the fear of death and the craving for power that every moment of life not used in a way to make somebody somewhere *remember* her, is a moment wasted.

The time is the present. The place, a provincial inn where the actress happens to have stopped. Fosca, by now completely fed up with the idea of more of the same forever, is here too. He spends his time in the courtyard looking at the sky or trying to sleep and being very careful to have nothing at all to do with anyone or anything. In the face of this insensibility, which she interprets as indifference, the actress feels challenged to demonstrate her power by making him fall in love with her. He eventually succumbs. She takes him to Paris; he tells her, and demonstrates, that he is immortal; she installs him in her apartment: it's wonderful, here is a man who will remember her *forever*. But soon there are signs of boredom from Fosca (as well there might be) and finally he leaves. She follows. She insists that he explain. So he begins telling her the story of his life—switch to the first person. The next 300 or so pages are the work of a good novelist, marred only by occasional little passages of existential reflections—far fewer than Sartre himself would have felt compelled to insert. Then back to the frame—just long enough for Fosca to leave this incredible caricature of a girl, and for her to leave her senses as a clock strikes—back, that is, to the part most American reviewers liked best.

THEATRE

I PREFER movie thrillers to stage thrillers; is it because the latter are so much damaged by intermissions? Strong is the suspense that can survive two ten-minute interruptions. *The Desperate Hours* succeeds, I think. The situation is interesting: an American family is held captive by gunmen in its own home. And Mr. Hayes knows how to keep us on tenterhooks as to whether anyone in

The Desperate Hours by Joseph Hayes. (Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

the family will get hurt. For a moment, it seems that a clever father has maneuvered the crooks out of the house. But Junior has chosen this moment to leave too, and the crooks get back by using him as a hostage. "Crowded with incident" is the expression, I believe. Junior's schoolmarm comes to visit and sees one of the crooks; the alarm is a false one though; she doesn't realize what manner of man he is. There are cross-currents. The three crooks can't agree among themselves; their one gun changes hands rather ominously. The family, too, though resolutely typical, contains different elements: while mamma has a steady head, papa and the son and daughter all have dangerous leanings toward heroism. All this and a revenge drama too. The chief crook is out to "get" a certain cop, and the cop is afraid he'll have to "get" the crook instead. On stage, we see the cops in small, inset scenes between the main scenes in the house; they are busy, most of the time, keeping track of a car driven by a certain young lady who is coming to meet the crooks. In general, she gets steadily nearer, but here, too, Mr. Hayes provides some amusing contretemps.

That's the play. That's the kind of thing that gives the play the kind of life it has in the theatre. The rest is either performance or junk. The performance is efficient; and so I have little to say about it. To prompt a discussion, a show must be less than efficient or more; *The Desperate Hours*, directed by Robert Montgomery, is summed up in the one word. The director presses a button, the set appears, the actors go through their motions, Brooks Atkinson writes his rave review, the box office drawer starts to jingle, the backers order their new Cadillacs, *ce n'est pas magnifique, mais c'est la guerre.* Among the actors, Paul Newman, perhaps, has more than efficiency to offer. I was impressed with the way he could go from his complaisant part in *Picnic* to the roughneck in the new play, though I hope he will watch some real roughnecks and stop watching (though after all this is impossible) Marlon Brando. The father is played by Karl Malden, an actor who bids fair to be permanently frustrated by the type-casting which is the bane of American theatre; that he is able to act the solid citizen correctly seems to deter producers from offering him roles which would release his full talent. I know what Mr. Malden can do from seeing him play that terror of a father in *Desire Under the Elms.*

The Desperate Hours is, of course, "more than a thriller"; it is a thriller plus junk, and solemn, pseudo-intellectual, moralistic junk at that. The audience identifies itself with father Malden, the average American, whose equipment is $15,000 a year and the wisdom of the ages—a 1955 version of the Common Man. The inner drama of the play is found in the growing rage of this righteous man, who turns out to have a beast in him; but reason conquers passion; and the play culminates with his refusal to take revenge on the gangster who had tried to kill his son. (I wouldn't have made this summary satirical if the play didn't deserve it. Calculated hokum or

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natural naïveté? Or does it really matter which? Junk is junk.)

Isn't it strange? If anyone says the theatre ought to be edifying, a hundred Broadwayites rise to remind him that the theatre provides commercial entertainment. Then you pay your $4.80 for commercial entertainment, and are subjected to such harangues and exhortions as the churches have for centuries been offering at an optional charge. Or am I out of date about the churches? And have church and theatre swapped roles? Is the modern preacher just as eager to make an entertainment out of his sermon as the modern playwright is to make a sermon out of his entertainment?

I have often had occasion to point out that American farce is blemished by moralism. The American farceur may begin by thumbing his nose; he will certainly insist on saluting the flag in the last act. A current example is Sidney Kingsley with his *Lunatics and Lovers*. For nine-tenths of the evening he gives the American household gods a terrible beating, but in the last minute we find him on his knees before them. Since Mr. Kingsley has made us feel that the joke against respectability and sentiment is such a good one, we are not heartened at the discovery that he himself is respectable and sentimental. *Lunatics and Lovers* has been described as a "dirty show"; but it is also a clean show. And personally I found the dirt cleaner than the cleanliness.

The odor of earnestness is not good for melodrama either. True, there has always been some solemnity in this genre, and an unsophisticated audience could always be very moral about it. What is new about our melodramas today is not their virtuousness *per se* but their earnestness and their intellectual pretentiousness. They are full of notions, psycho- and sociological, which we are supposed to take seriously (as against the old sort, in *Dracula* for example, which we took playfully). Hence, it is not enough for Maxwell Anderson that a child be a villain: the villainy has to be "explained" as a fact of heredity, an explanation as phony as anything in *Dracula* but *not admitted to be so*. It is not enough for Alfred Hayes that his heroes be heroes, his villains villains. We must have dull psychological "explanations" of villainy; and virtue must be given overtones of "the American way of life" or a class in civics.

Pondering this problem a couple of years ago, I suggested that the alternative to these pseudo-ideas was ideas. If the aim is a "higher" drama, this is true. But if the aim is farce or melodrama, we can do without all theories and notions except the most rudimentary moral distinctions, which need no elaboration and can be taken for granted. In the realm of farce, I know of no good current example, but there is a melodrama with many farcical elements and totally without moral or philosophic pretension. This is Agatha Christie's *Witness for the Prosecution*. If our society considers that writers like Mr. Hayes make a larger contribution than writers like Mrs. Christie, our society cannot distinguish between earnestness and seriousness, intellectuality and intelligence. To be as playful as Mrs. Christie presupposes a certain poised and mature worldliness; her play, to use a phrase of Oscar Wilde's, is a "trivial comedy for serious people." Was it Wilde who said that only superficial people despise superficiality? If the theatre were that home of frivolity which it is supposed to be—a place where Pierrot pirouettes and Harlequin cracks his insubstantial jokes —it would be a much nicer place than at present it customarily is.

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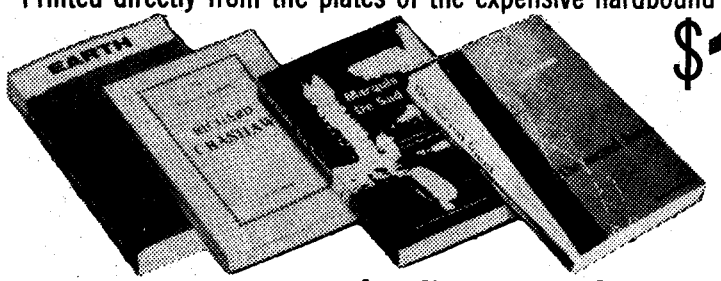

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TELEVISION

THE *New Republic's* dramatic critic for over a quarter of a century, Stark Young, was no man to denigrate the wry remark or sly innuendo. But even Mr. Young, reviewing *The Women* by Clare Boothe shortly after it first appeared on Broadway in 1936, spoke of "the bad taste of wisecracks . . . sheer vulgar commonness . . . cheap stretched humor . . . poor cheap forcing."

And Mr. Young recalled that

> . . . a very distinguished old lady of my acquaintance told her granddaughters to remember that all operations from the waist down were for appendicitis, all above the waist were tonsils.

Mr. Young's old lady would have approved *The Women* as tidied up last month for television. The play has been scrubbed, dressed up and may now be shown without embarrassment to the visitors in all the parlors of America.

When you condense a play into half its size for television, something has to go. Fortuitously for the condensers, there was much in *The Women* that had to go anyway lest the coast-to-coast family audience take offense.

The trouble was that everyone who knew the original was expecting something tart. Even the actresses seemed to be waiting for that lethal phrase. The dialogue rattled frequently, but it never struck; one awaited with expectation the devastating remarks that just *had* to be remarked.

But then, how was Sylvia to remark over a nation-wide hookup: "I think it's bad taste for a man to try to make his wife's friends, *especially* when he's bald and fat!"?

Or could this exchange ever be exchanged?

> Sylvia: Look at me. I don't think there's another girl our age who has bazooms like mine. I've taken care of them. Ice water every morning, camphor at night.
> Mary: Doesn't it smell like an old fur coat?

In the Act One climax where the deceived wife, Mary, for the first time confronts Crystal Adams, that unscrupulous husband-stealer, and says, "He couldn't love a girl like you!", TV's Crystal could scarcely retort as Broadway's Crystal did, "What do you think we've been doing for the past six months? Crossword puzzles?"

TV's fetish for suggesting without being suggestive induced somebody at NBC to substitute a book of matches advertising a roadside inn for the apartment house key that ultimately turns up to incriminate Crystal and reunite Mary with her husband; the switch of props thus removed Sylvia's last jab: "Why, Crystal, I could have told you some place *much safer* than the Gothic Apartments."

There was, however, one notable bit of dialogue NBC added to the original. After Olga, the manicurist realizes that she has unwittingly revealed Mr. Haines' flirtation to Mrs. Haines herself, the camera moves in for a close-up, and a wide-eyed Olga says: "I made a bu-bu!" A line that went over, but big, with my seven-year-old niece, who's been saying it ever since.

Considering that the video women were, to a woman, deprived of their most cutting lines, the actresses deserve credit for a good try. Paulette Goddard, bereft of the barbs Ilka Chase first shot across the Broadway footlights, turned Stella into a mischievous and giddy caricature of a common cat. Shelley Winters' Crystal was as provocative as she could be with the children watching: she delivered ordinary lines as if they *should* have been dirty, raising her eyebrows or her elbows. Valerie Bettis' Edith, unable to play the original's happy nursing scene in which she inadvertently sprinkles cigarette ashes on her baby's nose ("Ouch! Damn it! It's got jaws like a dinosaur!"), became a lady with nothing much to do. Mary Boland plunged into the role of an alcoholic countess with so much verve that she swallowed all her punch lines.

But Mary, the true wife and main character, played by Ruth Hussey, made it onto the 21-inch screen in good shape . . . simply because, as Crystal tells her (though not in precisely these words in the television translation), she is one hell of a dull woman. In fact, all the dull women came through perfectly—a TV triumph.

Nevertheless, the producers of this hour-and-a-half spectacular shouldn't get all the credit for transforming *The Women* into a soap opera. It has always been one. A good woman has her man taken from her by a bad woman. She traps the bad woman (in a flagrantly contrived last scene) into admitting unfaithfulness and thus gets her man back.

The network, if slightly unfair to Miss Boothe, has been faithful to Mrs. Luce. The author is another woman from the one who wrote *The Women*. She now practices diplomacy for an Administration which will not be marked in history for its appreciation of wit. Today's atmosphere is heavy with Scripture; respectability and avoidance of excess are the style. In the 30's sophisticates could mock mother love and female virtue, but now is no time for that sort of nonsense.

Mrs. Luce, the diplomatist, would surely not write so fresh a play as *The Women* in 1955. But even in 1936, fortunately, its irreverence did not run very deep. The naughtiness of a couple of dozen snatches of dialogue having been wiped away by network technicians, TV viewers were left with as virtuous a story as they could ask for. The women, though shallow and catty, are our familiar companions from daytime serials.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Alaskan-Hawaiian Statehood

"Giving statehood to Alaska or Hawaii seems to me simple folly," wrote Richard Strout in the February 14th *New Republic*. He proposed instead the kind of Commonwealth status accorded Puerto Rico in 1952. His reasons, in brief, were these:

Commonwealth status would give the people of Alaska and Hawaii greater control over their local affairs. Although freed from paying taxes to Washington, their defense and foreign relations would be looked after by the US. They would retain unrestricted trade rights and most other privileges of American citizenship except those of voting in Presidential elections and sending Senators and Representatives to Washington. By such an arrangement, the US would avoid a precedent setting modification of its present geographical structure as a "compact, integrated, logical land mass."

SIRS:

In two short pages, Mr. Strout assembles the most amazing collection of nonsense I have ever read in my life.

1. He makes a subtle appeal to racial prejudice by stressing the polygot population of Alaska and Hawaii. (Hawaii's population "is about 25 percent so-called white.")

2. On the one hand, he praises "that amazing masterpiece of compromise, the American Constitution," and then turns right around and spends two paragraphs criticizing the major compromise of the Constitutional Convention, the device of giving each state equal representation in the Senate.

3. On the one hand, he praises Puerto Rico for exercising its freedom of choice in favor of Commonwealth status, and then sneers at Hawaii for exercising its freedom of choice in favor of statehood. (". . . in Hawaii, where statehood has been drummed up into an emotional issue.")

4. He implies that the English worked out the British Commonwealth system as the ideal arrangement between mother country and far-flung possessions. Britain, of course, did nothing of the kind; the Commonwealth system was forced upon her by colonies who wanted independence. Alaska and Hawaii do not want independence; they want statehood.

5. He talks about federal taxes as if he were a Southern governor; *i.e.*, as if states pay taxes out and get nothing in return. (Federal taxes "might bankrupt" Alaska.)

Alaska and Hawaii can be presumed to be the best judge of whether or not statehood would be disadvantageous to them; and their decision was for statehood.

GEORGE F. JONES
Crawfordsville, Indiana

SIRS:

Dick Strout has done an outstanding job explaining strongest possible arguments against statehood for these offshore areas and pointing up benefits that would flow from giving them Commonwealth status. . . .

A. S. MONRONEY
United States Senator from Oklahoma
Washington, D. C.

SIRS:

I am in complete agreement with Mr. Strout's view. I believe you will recall that in the last session I opposed statehood. I think the reasoning used by Mr. Strout is the most effective that I have seen.

J. W. FULBRIGHT
United States Senator from Arkansas
Washington, D. C.

SIRS:

Too few people, probably, have recognized possibilities other than statehood on the one hand, or continued territorial status on the other, for Hawaii and Alaska. Richard Strout's article is an able and thought-provoking advocacy of Commonwealth status for the two great territories. This can scarcely be called a compromise proposal. It's another choice and one worthy of careful examination by all concerned.

HERSCHEL D. NEWSOM, *Master*
National Grange
Washington, D. C.

SIRS:

There is a vast dissimilarity in the legal relationships of Hawaii and Puerto Rico to the United States. Hawaii was an independent nation when it voluntarily annexed itself to the United States in 1898. Two years later, by approving its Organic Act, Congress incorporated Hawaii into the United States as an "integral part thereof." The extension of the Constitution of the United States to Hawaii followed the act of incorporation of the Territory. The people of Hawaii thereupon assumed all the responsibilities of full-fledged United States citizenship, limited in their rights only by the clearly defined terms of territorial status.

Puerto Rico came to us as a prize in the war with Spain. . . . Although an Act of Congress in 1917 declared the citizens of Puerto Rico to be citizens of this country, the area has not become, as has Hawaii, constitutionally a part of the United States. Puerto Rico, the Supreme Court ruled, "belongs to but is not a part of the United States."

Mr. Strout propounded the question: "What did Puerto Rico give up by not taking statehood?" and he provides the answers: "Well, its citizens don't vote in Presidential elections . . . elect no Senators or Representatives. The islanders, lacking statehood, lose the opportunity of contributing taxes to the mainland but few islanders are so philanthropic as to count this a loss. . . . This looks like a pretty cozy arrangement."

I am not in a position to know but I doubt very much if the cynical conjectures quoted above are representative of the attitudes of all of the American citizens of Puerto Rico. I do know they are not expressive of the high esteem in which American citizenship is held in Hawaii. There we seek no "cozy arrangements."

More than 50,000 men of Hawaii served in the Armed Forces in World War II and in Korea. Hundreds more are volunteering or are being drafted today on quotas enforced in the same proportion as the states. Yet none of these men nor their parents had any voice in the passing of the draft law.

The citizens of Hawaii have paid federal taxes in war and peace ($1,757,

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419,000 since incorporation) on exactly the same basis as the citizens of the states. Yet they have no voice in levying taxes or disbursing the revenues.

We regard this—taxation without representation—as did our forefathers: as neither "dignified, honorable or sensible."

Mr. Strout is evidently unfamiliar with the Constitutional structure of incorporated territories and the flimsiness of the so-called Commonwealth status. The latter, as approved for Puerto Rico, has no precedent in our entire national history. What it is, what it means, must be left for the future and possibly the Supreme Court to decide.

To date the weight of Supreme Court opinion and that of Constitutional authorities bears heavily in our favor.

In Rasmussen *v.* US (197 US 529, 530), Mr. Justice Harlan concurring with the majority, the Supreme Court said: "Congress cannot suspend the operation of the Constitution in any territory after it has come under the sovereign authority of the United States, nor, by affirmative enactment, or by mere non-action, can Congress prevent the Constitution from being the supreme law for any peoples subject to the jurisdiction of the United States."

If this be so, then the act of Congress incorporating Hawaii as a Territory of the United States is irrevocable. Congress, having once extended the Constitution of the United States to Hawaii, may not "de-extend" it.

The issue is clear. It is one of statehood or colonialism and colonialism is un-American.

ELIZABETH P. FARRINGTON
Delegate from Hawaii
Washington, D. C.

SIRS:

I do not want to deal with Mr. Strout's major contention, although on net balance I would disagree with it, but I think it important, if Puerto Rico is to be drawn into the conversation, to have the facts of the case laid out with some approximation of accuracy.

Among other things the suggestion is made that Puerto Rico's status is of the same order as that of the countries composing the British Commonwealth. Saving the fact that the same word has been used, there is almost nothing which would justify lumping the two together. Where the members of the British Commonwealth are independent and sovereign states, equal in status, and linked by a number of consultative and other ties, Puerto Rico is vastly closer to a state in the American federal system than to independence. As Mr. Strout himself says, federal agencies continue to operate in the island substantially as they do in the 48 states; Puerto Rico is, in general terms, subject to federal legislation; and the self-government which the island has is essentially the same as that of the states of the Union, with some variations particularly in the fiscal sphere. While the members of the British Commonwealth are properly independent members of the United Nations, such membership for Puerto Rico would be inconceivable under present circumstances since the island has no control whatsoever over its foreign relations, not to mention many domestic matters handled federally.

Mr. Strout refers at least three times to an offer of statehood to Puerto Rico which was rejected. To the best of my knowledge there never was any such offer, and there is good reason to think that if it had been made, the Puerto Rican people might well have accepted it. I believe that the evidence is clear that Congress has at no time been prepared to give the people an opportunity to opt for statehood. . . .

On more general grounds I am sure that great care should be taken in leaping from any conclusion that because the ingenious Commonwealth set-up is reasonably well-suited to the very special circumstances of Puerto Rico, it is therefore equally applicable to the quite different circumstances of Alaska and Hawaii.

RUPERT EMERSON
Department of Government
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

SIRS:

Dick Strout is one of the grandest newspapermen in America but he is 200 percent wrong in opposing Alaskan and Hawaiian statehood.

To begin with, nearly every argument which he advances could likewise be made against such states of small population as Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona. He says the votes of Senators from under-populated Alaska could "cancel out" the votes of Senators from the big states. How does he know "cancel out" will be the word? "Support" could be the proper verb to use—on some occasions, at least.

The states of small population have sent more than their share of enlightened men to the Senate—Mansfield and Murray of Montana, Morse of Oregon, O'Mahoney of Wyoming, Borah of Idaho, McNary of Oregon and many others. I can name Senators from Mr. Strout's "big states" who rarely cast a liberal vote during a Senate roll call. Alaska may be under-populated but its two delegates during modern times, Anthony Dimond and E. L. Bartlett, have been of advanced social views and modern ideas.

If Dick Strout wants to revise the whole basis of membership in the Congress, that is one thing—but why discriminate against Alaska and Hawaii because some states are far smaller in population than others?

Furthermore, one never knows which came first, the chicken or the egg. He mentions Alaska's allegedly backward condition. How much is this due to lack of statehood? Alaska has no control over its own fishery resources and thus they are constantly looted by absentees. Alaska does not have its own mental hospital because Oregon has had a source of private employment in treating Alaskan mental patients. Alaska does not qualify for federal road funds under the Highway act.

One non-voting delegate has scant voice to remedy these injustices. I think statehood will break the vicious circle—to the advantage of Alaska and of the nation.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER
United States Senator from Oregon
Washington, D. C.

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LIFE

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